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# A KISS FOR GUIDO

An Episode in the Franco Rebellion

# JESUS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

# Editorial Paragraphs

Vol. XIV, No. 10 30 cents

## A KISS FOR GUIDO

High in the Guadarrama Hills a woman
twists her way among the sculptured crags
doubling the shadow of the man she follows.

The castanets of death's eccentric dance
die with the dark that suddenly arrives.

Her steps as sure as dream steps and her face
chilled to a purpose colder than the wind,
harder than the sand the wind uses
to scoop the eyes out of these shrouded elders,
she tracks him to the rendezvous, then shrinks
away into a hollow while there sings
deep in her nerve a song:

Who can say why
Our sons must die?
Who can say why?

Some say for bread
We give these dead . . .
Dust is their bread!

She holds her breath.
A little stream of treachery has run
out of these hills, a stream her flying knife
must dry up at its source . . . she holds her breath,
her back clings to the rock.

A cigarette
moves slowly through the dark in a red sign,
the *hakenkreuz* . . . and there the countersign
with quick impatience. So. No words. They meet.

That Fascist is a babe, an innocent,
a super in a play whose end would write
his own deep shame, who struts his silly part
ear cocked for the cued phrases in the script
that set him hailing Caesar with his spear.
He loves the uniform and the brave noise
and blushes at the stage director's praise.
He may learn other cues . . .

But this, this other,
this scribbler Guido, gray face of defeat
in pity's war with pride where pride has won
(and lost the only thing worth taking pride in).
There in his face each sagging line lets down
an age of human thirst, spurning the cup
too utter simple for his editorial mind
to bother with (the common cup of justice
any crew of stranded sailors drink,
or that cup lifted long ago and filled
brim full forever and forever spilled),
wasting the Word which labours patiently
to prove that pomps and splinter-runged ambitions
melt in the wrinkle of a child's small hand,
that man may rise from beast but not by riding
on beast's back over that child's dying cry:
"Forgive them knowing not the thing they do!"
He knows too well the thing he is to do.
No gesture but betrays the searing acid
cutting his mind in two.

This was the man
Ines had worked for, slaved for, made excuses for,
had nursed, had fed, had loved in desperate hope
that he would pry beneath his vanity
at last and find himself, the man forgotten,
whipped and betrayed, the man obliterated,
his childhood and his youth cut off from him.
Guido, good Bourbon, good Republican,
composer of cleverly balanced articles
("we must admit . . . yet on the other hand . . .")
pinning the bright wings poised for trembling flight
down to the printed page with pins of doubt;
("our priceless heritage . . . the open mind . .")
so was his mind an open vacant space,
his swivel chair a veering weather-vane,
and so his column charmingly obscured
the hard mouth pressed against the patient flesh.

He had so long backed slowly from his dream
up rising ground heel-first against a hill,
vexed that the city of his dream receded
and blurred with distance as he gained the hill
(its spires distance-blurred as he receded)
and passed the crest, vexed with the dream he faced

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## JESUS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

Was Jesus a good business man? Did he make money? Did he save money? Would he be cited as man of the year on the magazine covers?

No, he was poor and stayed poor. Highly gifted as teacher and healer, he was of the working class and the people heard him gladly, whereas the professional organizers of religion, the big churchmen, had no use for him. He never owned his own home. The religionists managed to have him crucified for subversive activities. He was buried in borrowed clothes in a borrowed grave. No, he was not a business man at all. In our capitalistic USA or Canada he would be considered a failure.

How about behind the Iron Curtain? Or Bamboo Curtain? Would he be considered a failure there? In China, Poland, Russia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania, Jugoslavia? In those trans-curtain countries men are judged by different standards. They are judged successes not by what they take but by what they give. Dr. Bethune of Canada worked in Communist China. He took nothing from the Chinese. Like Jesus he healed the people and died for the people. And the people of China considered him a great success, they adored him as if he were a god. Perhaps there was something god-like about him, but the point is that he was a success in China . . . and here is a strange thing, even in Canada he is beginning to be a success, for Canada is not that far spoiled by capitalism that it cannot admire unprofitable service.

"I feel morally wrong in ordering a costly meal, for it deprives someone else of a slice of bread, some child perhaps of a bottle of milk . . . . In all these years of my so-called success in music we have not built a home for ourselves. Between it and us stand all the homeless in the world." So spoke Fritz Kreisler, who also said, "Music is too sacred to be sold." This is not a businessman's view: for him anything not saleable has no value. He who sells, the salesman is king.

Behind the "curtains" the goal of economic life is freedom, free transport, free rent, free food, free schools, free medicine, ultimately complete freedom of all the necessities of life to all the people. On our side of the "curtains" the goal is divided. Here too we have many things free, schools, libraries, roads, the post-office, some health, the parks and the band-concerts in the parks. So even here in the capitalistic West we have a degree of communism; more than we are aware of. In Canada we have a trans-continental system of transport, the CNR, and we have the Trans Canada Airways. Our government operates pilot mines and vast trading organizations as well as fishing and agricultural agencies of control and information. There are few operations our government (and the USA as well) does not assist from the preparation of fish and fowl for the table to weaving and pottery. We take it all for granted; in fact some of us, like Barry Goldwater, are ashamed of it. But behind the "curtains" they are aware of what they do. Their goal is complete freedom from the burden of drudgery laid upon Adam, turning the curse of the tree of knowledge into a blessing, and restoring to man his lost Eden.

## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS

*Berlin:* The lunatic logic, the demonic drive of the Cold War, launched by Churchill at Fulton in 1947, growing wilder each day through the Acheson-Truman period to the "brink-of-war" night-mares of Dulles-Eisenhower, mounts to an almost uncontrollable fury with the present administration. It was in the middle of March when Churchill spoke his ill-fated words, and Judge Edward Totten signalized it appropriately with an article entitled "The Ides of March", a veritable poem of dire prophecy which has proven all too true.

Now Blair Fraser, editor of Maclean's, national magazine of Canada, blasts forth against the propaganda South of the Border preparing the foolish iniquity of war over Berlin. We Canadians, he says, "are, right now, targets of a propaganda campaign for which it's hard to find a precedent in peacetime. Its object is to make us believe in a crisis over Berlin.

"For weeks the reports of the U.S. news services have been alerting us to the imminence of a showdown. The western powers are said to be warning Khrushchov to 'keep hands off West Berlin.' In the face ot 'threats' by Khrushchov the West is 'standing firm,' set to 'defend' West Berlin with nuclear weapons if need be.

"And what exactly is it that Khrushchov is threatening to do in West Berlin?

"He is threatening to go away. That is the menace that has dismayed the Germans and confused the whole western alliance—not a Soviet attack, but a Soviet withdrawal." Later on in the editorial Fraser says flatly:

"To suggest that we ought to fight to save Germany from a fate that we ourselves helped to impose, at the end of another war that Germany started and lost, is simply preposterous. Coming from an American, it shows a gullibility that shakes an ally's faith in American leadership. Coming from a German it is sheer, staggering effrontery . . . To call it a pretext for nuclear war is madness." Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad, we may add to these forthright and we believe wise words of Blair Fraser, who is neither leftist nor rightist but is concerned with common sense and decency.

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*Cyrus Eaton and Yuri Gagarin:* "N. S. Fury Is Caused by Yuri" is the caption for an article in the Toronto *Globe and Mail,* Aug. 5, '61, describing the storm of ungracious letters to the press in Halifax protesting against the kindly and appropriate act of Cyrus Eaton (Nova Scotia-born Cleveland industrialist) who had invited Major Yuri Gagarin to visit his home at Pugwash. We must be grateful, however, to the Halifax *Chronicle-Herald* for publishing your editor's letter under the heading CIAD MILE FAILTE YURI which is Gaelic for A HUNDRED THOUSAND WELCOMES YURI. Among other things we said: "Blessed are the peacemakers. Fortunate is Nova Scotia to have given the world such a great peacemaker as Cyrus Eaton. And hail to our guest, Yuri Gagarin, who likewise is a symbol of peace."

## BRAVE WOMEN

*"Unshackled"* is the story of the winning of the vote by the women of Britain told by their leader, Christabel Pankhurst, who with her mother, Emmeline Pankhurst, and Mrs. Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence, guided the Women's Social and Political Union and the glorious band of Suffragettes to victory. Their militancy did not include the taking of life or even the harming of human beings, being merely a persistent and insistent nagging of the government in power, breaking windows occasionally but mostly getting themselves thrown out of buildings for making protest speeches. The militancy was on the side of the government which imprisoned and tortured them, often to the point of death, by forcible feeding.

Among the first batch of prisoners was the beautiful and brave Mary Gawthorpe who kindly sent me this book. Another was the daughter of Richard Cobden, Mrs. Cobden Sanderson. In and out of jail dozens of times, tortured beyond endurance, the driving spiritual force of the movement was Emmeline Pankhurst whose statue stands today in Victoria Tower Gardens.

Christabel tells the story of the terrible risk Lady Constance Lytton took when she proved in her own person that the Liberal Government had a different standard of treatment for working women and for other women. She assumed the name of Jane Warton, a working woman, was arrested as such and, without any examination of her pulse and heart, was forcibly fed; a steel gag was used and her jaws forced painfully wide, a large tube pushed far down her throat into which was poured the food. She retched and was left with no clean clothing until next morning. Four times this horror was repeated before her sister, Lady Emily Lutyens, came to take her home. She had proved her point. When she was Lady Constance Lytton, they found her to be suffering from serious valvular disease of the heart and unfit for forcible feeding. When she was Jane Warton, they did not even question the state of her heart and fed her by force. This is only one of a great number of incidents which put the government of the day in a very poor light. This was the government of Asquith and Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill and Sir Edward Grey.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who preceded Asquith, was sympathetic and told our Mary Gawthorpe and the redoubtable Annie Kenney that they should 'go on pestering people.' This book by Christabel Pankhurst is of course a must for all libraries, because it is the authentic last word from one of the leaders of a glorious movement. Published by Hutchinson of London 25s. A real thriller.

*Challenge:* "Scientists know, and with the certainty of scientific knowledge, that we possess every scientific fact we need to transform the physical life of half the world. And transform it within the span of people now living. We have all the resources to help half the world live as long as we do, and eat enough.

"All that is missing is the will.

"We are sitting like people in a smart and cozy restaurant, and we are eating comfortably, looking out of the window into the streets. Down on the pavement are people who are looking up at us: people who by chance have different colored skins from ours, and are rather hungry. Do you wonder that they don't like us all that much? Do you wonder that we sometimes feel ashamed of ourselves, as we look out through that plate glass?

"It is within our power to get started on that problem. We are morally impelled to. A challenge is not, as the word is coming to be used, an excuse for slinking off and doing nothing. A challenge is something to be picked up."

—C. P. Snow, quoted by the *Catholic Worker.*

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*The Two K's:* John F. Kennedy has not yet found his bearings. He has too many captains on his bridge. He only needs one: himself. His power is great, his responsibility tremendous.

He did right to talk to the other K., Nikita Khrushchov; but he should have talked longer. For these two men pretty well control the fate of mankind. Let us face it: with physical power goes responsibility, and these two divide enough power to destroy the world; they also divide enough power to help the have-not part of the world to its feet. "It is extremely unlikely," says Prof Jerome Frank of Johns Hopkins, "even today, that any country could win a war fought with modern weapons . . ." There seems to be general agreement on this point, which bears heavily on the responsibility of the two K's.

We suggest therefore that nothing in the political world is more urgent than the direct, continuous and candid communication between the two K's unencumbered and unembarrassed by too many aids and adjutants. Both men have the confidence of their peoples. Both peoples exist on this planet. Neither is static. Both are changing, the USA towards equality, the USSR towards freedom. They must relinquish their desire to destroy one another. The die-hards must yield to the co-existers, and to make them yield in both camps is the job of the two K's.

We believe that both Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Khrushchov are keenly aware of their responsibility. Having them in mind as keepers of the peace we should refrain from all name-calling and exacerbation which would tend to embarrass either one of them.

*Corporativism Steals a Base:* Corporativism is a genteel word for fascism. It begins when government takes a hand with management and labor in controlling the economic life of the nation. It is when the state enters as a 'third party' to integrate industry and restrain the striking power of labor unions as well as regulate prices that we must be on the alert for the entrance of the thin edge of the wedge of fascism.

President Kennedy has set up a twenty-one member Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy. As yet is is only advisory; but President Kennedy has said it should "give direction to the general movement of wages and prices."

According to Russ Nixon, writing in *UE News,* "One of the public members of President Kennedy's Committee, Clark Kerr (President of California University) made a significant and revealing speech early this year. He observed that the United States is almost the only industrial nation that leaves prices and wages entirely to labor and management negotiations. Generally throughout the world, Dr. Kerr said, 'the state does more than set the rules . . . it also helps make actual decisions.' He forecast that future negotiations would see government playing a decisive 'third party' role. The AFL-CIO is playing what Russ Nixon calls a 'typical double, confused, and inevitably disastrous role in all this . . . while blasting the *wages cause inflation* line of the companies, at the same time they are participating in the Labor-Management set-up that everybody knows is aimed at and rigged for *wage restraint.'*

This is more important than the clerical defeat of the education bill. It may be the beginning of corporativism.

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*US Pro-Colonialist:* Reporting the ferocious attack upon the Tunisian people by the French, David Wesley in the *National Guardian* tells of "four days of senseless massacre . . . . shocking the world at the savage death throes of Western colonialism." "The Norwegian government paper accused its NATO partner of 'ruthless behavior'." "Tunisia's US ambassador, Habib Bourguiba Jr., emerged from a 30-minute 'emotional' discussion with Secy. of State Dean Rusk 'blazing with anger' (Baltimore Sun)." "The US tried hard to talk the Tunisians out of bringing their complaint of aggression to the UN Security Council . . ."

The end and upshot of all this will be a disengagement of Asian and African countries from the West.

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*Peace Corps Called Yankee Hypocrisy: African Life,* official organ of the Northern Rhodesia United National Independent Party, comments very frankly on the Peace Corps: "When our own people are being insulted at a prayer meeting in Montgomery, we suggest to Kennedy that his Peace Corps should first do some education work along the line of equality of man in the U.S. before they come out to the soil of Africa with their dirty dollars."

## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS

*We are very proud* to receive the following letter from a stout-hearted champion of peace and democracy. For many years a beloved Member of Parliament, a Communist, yet a personal friend of Baldwin, a real New Christian.

68 Rowan St.
Paisley.
15/7/61.

Dear Kenneth Leslie,

The brilliant nature of your writing, prose and verse, in recent issues of "New Christian" gives me the feeling that you have conquered the worst effects of the serious illness you had. I hope, with all my heart that this is so for, what you say of Susie Stageberg, "there are so few to take her place", applies with equal force to you.

I know that I don't have to tell you to keep the fight for peace and humanity going, that goes without saying but all my heart is in the hope that you will go on for many years or until the need for such a fight is over, with the recovery of sanity and the end of nuclear madness.

I am enclosing a small donation, by way of a subscription for your splendid little in size, but big in content, journal, with every good wish for ever-increasing support for its production.

Your old Friend & Comrade,
*Wm. Gallacher.*

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*US Judge Warns Business:* Supreme Court Justice Tom C. Clark told a session of the American Bar Association that businessmen and their lawyers look upon the anti-trust laws as something to be evaded.

He warned that more businessmen would be following the GE and Westinghouse officials into jails if they didn't change their attitudes toward the law.

Justice Clark's warnings were received with some surprise since he has never been known for his opposition to big business practices.

The Supreme Court Justice singled out GE and its chairman, Ralph J. Cordiner, for special criticism.

"Certainly every lawyer and every businessman knew," he told the Anti-Trust section of the Bar Association, "that the conduct engaged in by these electrical manufacturers was a crime. It was a hard-core violation of the act. Still, the companies permitted it to continue for years; in fact, until they and their employees were caught red-handed."

Referring to Cordiner's claim that GE had for 15 years waged a campaign for upholding of the law, Clark said:

"Despite this, during the past two years this same company has been indicted 19 times . . . paid fines of $450,000 and 16 of its employees have been indicted, convicted and fined . . . The program hardly could be called successful."

Justice Clark was critical also of the United States government for awarding "E's for excellence in weapons production to companies which break the anti-trust laws."—*UE NEWS.*

*Continued from Page Two*

but backed away from, therefore now he cursed it
(suddenly blotted as the lid of hill
closed over it) now that it slipped from time,
so nothing held him now from headlong flight
down to the horror where his master waited
to break man's son upon another cross,
a club-foot cross that stumbles on its heels,
down to the desert where the rock and sand
fruitlessly wedded by the whirling wind
grind without intimacy limb deep to limb,
where rocks are deep-holed heads . . .

No growth, however slow, however secret,
however skilled in hiding its dark crisis,
but some sad day must say good-bye to leaves,
must drop its fruit though it be doubtful fruit.
So Guido veiled his vanity whose roots
entwined among his nerves till suddenly
he cried out like the love-imprisoned pine
pythoned by the smooth wistaria.
For now the flesh tears as the flesh is drained,
and now the sucking beast, his lord, goes mad,
(the nerve and sinew for that vicious greed
drawn from its victim, even as out of life
is drawn the mental lust that limits life)
now Guido must choose . . . straight his pen dips
blood!
And Guido looks at Guido in the mirror
suddenly astounded there to see
the line of "doubting" settle to the line
the hawk-men love, the sneering whiplash line,
the human face stepped down to the sub-human,
the eye a bead, the sulky mouth a beak,
a hammer-bill with but one argument,
the cruel peevish argument *ad crucem*. . . .

The argument he forwards here tonight.

Ines is reminiscent as she nurses
the angel of forgiveness in her hands;
its sharp and shining kiss may draw him back
a moment as he spreads upon the air,
an instant so he may be whole again
as when a child, as when an eager student
shouldering his world, as when a lover

flushed in the prismic light of all light caught
in one bright girl . . . so, faithful still, she watches
while in her breast one sings *magnificat.*

You ask me why
Our sons must die.
This, then, is why:

To stand up straight
In the narrow gate,
Once to stand straight.

Is that all, then,
Once to be men?
That is all, then!

So with no strength but that poor song she watches
the Judas spark move slowly to his lips,
watches his mouth twitch to the indrawn breath,
thanks God his eyes are shadowed where small pride
spins in the tiny whirlpool of his speech,
"You won't forget . . . you'll make quite sure *he*
knows
the nature of my service and my name
you won't forget my name?"

The youngster pondered,
letting the poor dog hang mid-air a moment,
teasing him with the shadow of a bone
beyond his reach, then tossed ambiguous comfort,
"You make no error . . . let the Eaglet use you
and you will be *well used!*"

Then keep this straight . . .
the dispositions . . ."

"Yes . . . the dispositions?
Mother of God, what are you *waiting* for?"

"Who knows, my friend, *what* he is waiting for?"
The low voice of a woman from the rock . . .
but which rock? Where? "Look in his throat, my lad,
there find the news you seek, albeit censored;
there find his bad faith drowning in his blood;
there find his treacherous kiss returned by one
who never kissed more tenderly than tonight!"

# NEW CHRISTIAN

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